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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, JULY 7, 1904. NUMBER 19

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet Content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O Punishment!
Dost laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O sweet Content! O sweet, O sweet Content!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
O sweet Content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O Punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king.
O sweet Content! O sweet, O sweet Content!

—*Thomas Dekker.*

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

THE

HEADQUARTERS

OF THE

Tower Hill Encampment, The Tower Hill Summer School and of Unity are now on the "Hill."

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1904. NUMBER 19

Through love to light! Oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day—
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea!
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to Thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!
—Richard Watson Gilder.

Ida Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens are perhaps the most efficient preachers of civic righteousness before the public today. One exposes the demoralizing and disintegrating influence of political ambition; the other, the similar effect of commercial greed. Both the "grafter" and the "combiner" justify their methods by the logic of success. They say, We must do it in order to get there. But why should they "get there?" Both these preachers find their pulpit in *McClure's Magazine,* the proprietors of which just now constitute a most efficient missionary society.

Many thousands of educators and preachers, as well as statesmen, will rejoice in the announcement which appears in *McClure's Magazine* for July, that the revealing articles of Miss Tarbell concerning the Standard Oil Company are to be revised, supplemented and published in book form next autumn. The work will appear in two illustrated volumes. If the work does not bring about earnest discussion and radical efforts at reform from many quarters and in many directions, it will be further evidence of the creeping paralysis that has attacked the moral sense in America concerning economic questions. It is a plot of the awful confusion that follows in the wake of success. Money seems so desirable, millions seem to have in them such a power for good, that there is great danger of losing the moral sensibility to recognize the enormity of the crowding crimes that push the weak to the wall if only they be sufficiently successful.

The Woman's Journal of June 18, has an interesting story of how Anna Davis, a rejected Tuskegee student, won her diploma by going into the most hopeless community of the black belt and beginning work in a miserable log school house. In a few years Mr. Washington found a frame school house and eight months of school in the year; and the teacher's "cash-book" showed contributions of eggs and chickens, and money made from cotton raised by the children on a clearing just back of the school house. Working out of school hours, they raised two bales of cotton a year. Lately Tuskegee concluded that Miss Anna Davis deserved a diploma, and she got it. This is a suggestion of a new condition of graduation. The New York papers report a movement in that city which will require a boy or girl in the public school to pass an examination on conduct before they are allowed a diploma. UNITY has for many years urged that a school diploma should be considered as a certificate of character. We believe the time is coming when no school will dare graduate meanness, coarseness, or conspicuous selfishness. If a diploma is to mean anything, it should mean that the holder is trustworthy on the lines implied.

We greatly sympathize with the feeling of a correspondent who protests against the movement to build on the campus of the University of Michigan a memorial building commemorating the students of the University "who have served as volunteers in the army and navy of the United States *in the various wars in which this country has been engaged.*" We believe our correspondent is right in urging that "such a memorial will not be so much a memorial to the soldiers and sailors as to war itself. It will accentuate and perpetuate and glorify the war spirit, which is already too rife in our country. The idea seems inconsistent with the purpose of a great seat of learning." It is a fact too patent that the memorial buildings and statuary of the United States are painfully military in our great cities, particularly in the Capital City of Washington. One would conclude that the United States has been a war-like nation, while the contrary is strikingly true. Liberty is dear to the heart of a republic, and those who strive for it have a perpetual place in the admiration of the intelligent. The struggle for independence in the war of the Revolution and the death-grapple with slavery in the war for the Union have annals that are dear to the scholar and are of great academic signficance. But to bring these struggles down to the level of the unholy war against Mexico in the interest of slavery and the undemocratic invasion of the territory of the unoffending children of the Pacific Islands, is to bring academic confusion and to glorify the military, irrespective of the cause. The soldier must be honored by the scholar in spite of, not on account of, his blood-spilling vocation. Let those who have wrought nobly for freedom, with pen or with sword, be honored on the campus of the Michigan University, but let not the moral judgment and the ethical perspective of future students be confused by the glorification of the arts of war to the neglect of the nobler glory of those who have given their lives heroically in the interest of the arts of peace. The soldier is doomed by a decree of culture and progress. Let him be honored in such a way as to hasten his dismissal. It is the business of the university to dismantle forts, to scuttle warships, to relegate gilt lace, glittering bayonet and booming cannon to historical museums where they will be preserved as curios, relics of a barbaric age outgrown.

The Servant of Jehovah.

A great poetry naturally clothes itself in metaphors which are borrowed from the painful and tragic aspects of life; and it is certainly a great poetry in which the Bible conveys to us the solemn litany of the Hebrew race. Humanity as a whole has moved on to a wider experience, to a larger grasp of the facts of life, to a more inclusive and catholic appreciation of what the mind of other races has contributed to our human problem; but there is a lyrical beauty and strength in the outpourings of the Hebrew singers which still exert upon us an irresistible charm, while, beyond the lyrical appeal of an exalted and dignified poetry there is the abiding sense that these men had a profound religious insight into the more troubled aspects of our life.

Out of the heart of this literature, and in a sense as its climax there rises the sublime figure of the servant of Jehovah. He stands out in heroic stature, the sublime personification of the moral and spiritual forces of the world, the embodiment in human form of that Intelligence, Purpose and Love whose presence in the world it has been given the great seers to perceive and express. It is fitting that so sublime a figure should be clothed in attributes which express the pain and passion of the world; and it is doubly fitting that this pain and passion should include the two hemispheres of life: the passion and conflict which is the masculine encounter with the task of life, and the travailling in pain, the anguish of birth-pangs, which is woman's share in the vast, unexplored mystery of life.

At one moment in the prophet's thought, the servant of Jehovah is a warrior. But he is not a plumed knight, riding forth blithe and debonair, wearing the ribbons of a fair lady upon his spear. He is a grim-visaged, solitary champion, travelling in the greatness of his strength, red in his apparel like one who has trod the wine-press alone.

At another moment of description the figure changes and we behold the long, never-ending procession of those who for the joy of motherhood must bear its pain; and with these the servant of Jehovah takes his place as one who shall "see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied."

Thus it is that battle-pain and birth-pang unite to describe the deeper significance of human life, and to set forth those aspects of life which sometimes combine into tragedy and which at no moment are far below the surface of experience. We may picture life in its moral aspect as a conqueror coming back in triumph, travelling in the greatness of his strength; but if we dwell alone upon the triumph, the strength and glory of the victor, the picture will be incomplete. We must see also the scars of encounter, the stained garments, the dust of the arena, and the weary face. Or if again we picture the moral aspect of life by the tenderness of motherhood and the sweet solicitude of maternal love bending over the little child, we must even then not forget the pain and the peril, and the troubled hour which precedes the advent of joy.

This is the great lesson which comes down to us as the best heritage of the Hebrew prophets. They teach us indeed to think of life as good, but they admonish us not to speak this word, good, with thoughtless or flippant tongue. They teach us to be optimists, but it is an optimism of the kind which Sabatier attributes to Jesus, "an optimism without frivolity, a seriousness without despair." The great figure of the servant of Jehovah, as the prophets sketched it, comes as a rebuke both to the shallow optimism and the fatalistic indifference of an age like ours. It helps us to feel the tirelessness of the great Purpose which shapes all things to itself, which never shirks and never despairs. It is far remote from the many theosophizing tendencies of the time whose chief aim appears to be to get a satisfying formula for the world. On the lips of this servant of Jehovah we seem rather to catch the accents of the Eternal Voice saying in our hearts: This sorrow which is your sorrow is mine also. This grief which you bear is upon my own heart likewise. This burden which has come to you I too bear. There is no anguish, no bitterness, no horror into the face of which I have not looked, and whose awful weight I have not felt. I have trampled the wine-press with you and my garments are stained even as yours. Behold, no truth has come into the world, no joy, no freedom, no blessing for the sons of men have ever been born over whose birth I have not travailled in pain.

Can we not indeed trust One who has organized pain and suffering and tragedy into life if at the same time we can feel sure that He knows the meaning of that pain and tragedy himself? Can we not follow his lead, even though at times it be with hesitation and groping of the way, if we can be sure that he shrinks from no task which he has imposed upon us, and that he is a stranger to no bitterness which he causes us to feel? We can "drink of the cup that he drinks of and be baptized with the baptism with which he is baptized."

What we most long to believe about God is that, instead of being the passive recipient of atonement offered to his own offended sense of justice or dignity, he is himself the chief rectifying and atoning force, bringing order out of the ignorance, the folly and the sin of men. In our most sane and calm moments we do not believe it would have been better for God to have made a world without the possibility of pain, or blunder, or accident, or evil. But the claim we do make in the interest of faith is that the One who has made the world shall stay with it, shall enter into all its passion and life, shall feel responsibility for it, and receive loyal co-operation in the fulfillment of his purpose. It is such a vision of the infinite One that comes down to us in this most appealing and human metaphor of the prophet,—"He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied." For if the One who knows the meaning of all that enters into life and who sees the goal, can also bear in his heart our sorrows, can feel the meaning of our despair and the weight of our bitterness, and still know that beyond

it all and perhaps by means of it all, there is to come satisfaction, and strength, and peace, then surely there is for us a basis of courage, of faith and hope. And with this secret of a deeper strength we can understand those words of Christ, who so perfectly fulfilled the prophet's vision of the servant of Jehovah,—"Father save me from this hour. Yet for this cause came I unto this hour." The paradox is resolved by the confidence which dares "see all nor be afraid," which faces all that life can bring, all that truth and loyalty and love can demand, and then finds peace upon the other side of the experience. The servant of Jehovah shall be satisfied. Life is not to end in darkness or defeat. But he shall see *of the travail of his soul*—and be satisfied. The law of atonement like all divine laws is a law written in the members of our being and upon all the tables of the soul.

F. E. D.

On Spencer's "Autobiography."

No single review can compass the whole of Herbert Spencer's "Autobiography," recently issued by Appleton & Company. Probably no two reviewers would emphasize the same facts or incidents of the life. For myself, after reading the two volumes with fully absorbed interest, I come back to Mr. Spencer's own preface to find the main points of significance suggestively set down. These are three.

In the first place Mr. Spencer's education was not of the ordinary traditional kind. He had both less and more of certain kinds of instruction than other men. The chief omission was in respect to English. At no time in his life did he receive any instruction in language or grammar or rhetoric. Mr. Spencer is not, indeed, the first one to call in question the practical value of formal knowledge of language. On the positive side was his training in mathematics and engineering.

The second fact of importance is the part played by the emotional nature in the genesis of Mr. Spencer's system of thought. He declares himself that the emotional factor was fully as large as the intellectual. In proving the equality of these factors Mr. Spencer shows his psychologic development to be normal according to the general theory of mind held by Professor James in "The Will to Believe" and by Dr. Ward in "Dynamic Sociology." Though in his own treatise on Psychology he makes less of feeling than the authors named, in his own nature and growth he appears the man of feeling no less than of thought. Furthermore, his criticism of current modes of education is that their processes are too intellectual.

The third and main service rendered by the autobiography is the account it gives of the genesis of the evolutionary ideas which culminated in "The Synthetic Philosophy." Vague administrations of evolutionary ideas appeared as early as 1842. Definite statements began to appear in 1850. The Evolutionary Doctrine reached a developed form by 1869. This process Mr. Spencer very properly refers to as the "natural history" of himself. Miss Evans once remarked with surprise at the absence in Mr. Spencer's forehead of "lines of thought." The philosopher explained: "I suppose it is because I am never puzzled." Explaining this answer on page 463 of volume 1, the reader learns the peculiar characteristics of natural as distinguished from forced and artificial thought-processes. "The conclusions," says Mr. Spencer, "at which I have from time to time arrived, have not been arrived at as solutions of questions raised; but have been arrived at unawares—each as the ultimate outcome of a body of thoughts which slowly grew from a germ." In some cases this process would extend over years. "The synthetic Philosophy is, of course, the fruit of a life time.

O. L. T.

A Summer Noon.

The high sun spills his golden wine
  Across the fields; the crowding clover-buds
Lift eager lips, and drain the draught divine,
  Till drowsy fire through veiny tissue floods;
Languid they lean above the sleepy grass,
  While with the deep whirring bass and treble fine,
Tuning their tiny pipes, the small musicians pass.

—*Ednah Proctor Clarke.*

Freedom of Conscience.

Oh! brave Apostle, thou hast truly said—
  It is a trivial thing indeed to be
  Judged of man's judgment. Conscience must be free,
Nor blindly nor dogmatically led,
Either by living oracles or dead;
  For truth admits of no monopoly,
  And where it points each for himself must see,
Nor fear an independent path to tread.
Honor to him who speaks his honest thought,
  Who guards his reason as a sacred trust,
Demands the truth for every dogma taught,
  And turns dissenter only when he must!
For he shall rise by whom the light is sought,
  To the high plane where stand the wise and just.

—*William Lloyd Garrison, in Universal Religion.*

Would You?

Could you keep the tints of spring
  On the woods in misty brightness,—
Keep the half-veiled boughs a-swing
  To the linnet's flitting lightness,—
Through the birch leaves' rippling green
  Hold the maple-keys from dropping,—
On the sward with May-showers clean,
  Cheat the violets into stopping;

Could you make the rosebud's lips
  Vow to be a bud forever,—
From the sedges' wavering lips
  Bid the dewy pearl drop never;
Could you make the sunrise hour
  For a lifetime overbrood you;
Could you change the year's full dower
  For its first faint promise—would you?

Though a bubbling cup we quaff,
  Fresh from sunny founts of morning,
When the world is all a laugh,
  And a welcome without warning;—
At life's Cana-feast, the guest
  Lingering on, with thirst unsated,
Finds a later draught the best:
  Miracles—when thou hast waited!

Thought must shade and sun the soul
  With its glorious mutations;
Every life-song is a whole
  Sweeter for its variations.
Wherefore with your bliss at strife?
  'Twas an angel that withstood you!
Could you change your perfect life
  For a dream of living—would you?

—*Lucy Larcom.*

My Summer in a Hammock.

Fate has decreed it, and I spend my summer in a hammock under some grand old trees in my own garden, which is of generous proportions, although in the heart of a busy village. One tree which holds the hammock is a lordly linden, and was in the first flush of its fragrant bloom when hammock days began. The wind wafted the creamy blossoms down upon me as I lay like the babes in the woods, and I was enveloped in a mantle of spice which soothed the nerves in need of a balm of healing. The other support of the swaying out-of-door palace was a hard maple, which stood far enough from its brothers to lead its own life and expand along the lines of its own desire, an enviable fate for man or tree. How perfect was its shape, how symmetrical its growth, how lofty its aspirations. I used, like Hood, to think its slender tops were close against the sky.

At any rate it was deeply enamored of the sky—that could be seen by the most careless observer, and did its very best to get near to the object of its adoration, as do all trees and men. It is a goodly way that things animate and inanimate have, and it is one of the joys of existence which justifies the creation.

During one of my first days in the new nest beneath the linden, a stray newspaper brought me some lines which seemed written to express my own outlook upon life from a confined area. They ran thus:

"All day, along the tender blue,
  The shepherd Wind his white flocks led;
And still, beneath the laughing sky,
  My heart ached, pitying the dead,—
The dead who rue not yesterday
Nor dread tomorrow's unmet fray,
  Yet lose, in poppied sleep, the June,
The roses and the new-mown hay."

My own rose garden lay just behind the trees through which I gazed upward at the shifting, changing panorama of the sky.

And from it, those June days, came the subtle essence of delight which steeped my soul in languor and my heart in peace. How gay that garden was when the white rose bushes, far higher than a man's head, sent forth their hundreds of blossoms daily, which fell like a veritable snow storm adown the garden walks, and when the equally high growing yellow beauties flaunted their gold in the face of the sun. Then in hot pursuit came the array of pink blossoms, sweeter than the attar from the cashmere vales. What a dream of color was the garden then, blushing at its own loveliness, and dying of very love of life, and joy in its beauty and savor. But when the crimson bushes put on their coronation robes, all other splendors paled their ineffectual fires, and the acme of nature's magnificence was reached. But how sad it was to realize that a rose is a thing of a day, and even when the second day dawns on it, its glory has begun to wane, imperceptibly almost, it is true, but just as surely. Like a maiden in the perfection of her beauty—ah, that is sadder still, and not a good thought for a cheerful hammock dweller, who is bound to consider that aspect of life as the natural way of living. There is one humble bush among the roses with its little single circlet of pink leaves, which is dearer to my heart than many of its more favored sisters—(for of course roses are feminine—who will dispute that?). It is the sweet-brier, and its fragrance is of heaven, not earth. I can never be convinced that its evanescent sweetness did not come down like Baby Bell from some celestial land.

Ah, how long ago it was that Aldrich told us that charming story, how

"The gates of heaven were left ajar;
  With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
  Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet like a star
  Hung in the glistening depths of even—
Its bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Angels go
  Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
  She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
  They fell like dew upon the flowers:
  Then all the air grew strangely sweet,
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
  Into this world of ours."

The poet was but nineteen when he wrote it, and I must have been younger when I read it, but much reading made it my own, and I have repeated it word for word to my children, all these years, and they have loved its melody. But surely it was not "glistening depths" in those old days. I am sure that the stray newspaper which brought it to me on the prairies of Wisconsin said "purple depths," and when I looked up my quotation, I saw "glistening depths" for the first time. Perhaps Aldrich, in new editions, has taken Stevenson's advice, and cut out all the "purple passages."

Baby Bell is the only one of his "juvenile" poems which he has retained in the last edition. I am very glad he did not suppress it. It is youthful, but youthfulness is a great virtue, and few poets can "recapture the first fine careless rapture" of their earlier songs. I, for one, should have seen it suppressed with "such a pang as nature feels when a blossomed bough is broken." I suppose there is not a poet alive who would not gladly blot out his first published poems; yet those at which they shudder most, and which if read aloud in their presence would probably cause nervous prostration of a pronounced type, have given pleasure to some readers and will continue to do so. Immaturity will still revel in immature thought, and the uncritical mind will enjoy that which will cause tremors down the spine of the scholarly reviewer of books. One is often amazed in re-reading the poets he loved in youth to see how commonplace and crude much that he once enjoyed really is, and yet youth will find a perennial charm in those same poems, and even maturity will go back to them with delight for the sake of the old days. And let him who belittles the poets we loved when we were young, even N. P. Willis, George D. Prentice, Alice Cary, or Jean Ingelow, be anathema. Did they not mingle with our very dreams in the days that were, but are not?

Before I knew that these summer days must be hammock days I thought to go back to an old haunt of mine on a Desert Island on the coast of Maine. Beautiful for situation is that island of my dreams. The broad Atlantic enfolds it in his ardent arms and embraces it like a lover, in summer days when the winds are quiet and the skies are blue, however he may buffet and beat it in the long dark autumn and winter days, as when the lagging spring comes slowly up that way. The mountains cast their eternal shadows upon it, and their defiles and gorges are cool and still in all the hot midsummer. They are crowned with dwarf trees growing out of the rocks, and the bluebells grow in the small crevasses beneath their shade. Narrow are the winding roads between them, and you brush the pine and the white birch, the alder and the hemlock as you pass. You walk waist deep in the green brakes, and you tread on carpets of softest moss through all the lengthened forest aisles. The wonderful undergrowth of all beautiful things, which is the delight of New England woods, is with you everywhere. Besides the constant moss which covers every stone and log and withered branch with its delicate growth, there are the

numberless ferns hidden in every covert, bedded in leaf mould, and sparkling with dew. The silver brook that trickles through the woods is fringed length-long with their green delicate sprays; their fronds reflected in the water's depths multiply the almost infinite number twofold.

Poised on each rocky point with arms outspread, the maidenhair unfolds her tiny tent, and under it shy woodland insects take shelter from the sun. Children of solitude and stillness, they spring up in all serene shy places, by their modest hiding luring on to closer view, and by their cloistered ways enticing birds to sing. Then there are the coral bunch-berries down in the mosses, the red wintergreen berries under the pine needles, and laurel and juniper and ground pine everywhere, and an infinity of delicate, beautiful growths, to me nameless and unknown, in all the dark solitudes of the deep woods.

One large grove of white birch trees rises before me as I write; close to the bordering sea it grows, and there is no more graceful thing under the sun than those same trees when the wind from the sea sweeps through them. Up hill and down winds the road, and you look up at these royal trees all the way, scarcely seeing to their tops, and catching only slight glimpses of the sky through their thick foliage.

There are numerous lakes and pools at the foot of the mountains, shut in on all sides by the rocky walls like

> "The dank tarn of Auber
> In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

In their waters are the shy trout, to which the icy coldness gives such celestial flavor that some sportsmen would give all their heritage of house and lands for a bite, did they but know of these secret haunts of the finny tribe. By all the roadsides grow wild roses of a kind and in such numbers as grow nowhere else on earth, I firmly believe, and for which my own rose garden with its garish show made me but slight amends, as I gazed at them—from a hammock.

But let me still tell of Calypso's fragrant bowers, for surely my desert island is one of the abodes of the sirens, and they still sing there the songs which lure men to their fate. I have myself heard Circe high on the promontory rocks when the waves were still and the sun high in the heavens, enchanting men with her low sweet voice, and on moonlight nights are many lovers lured to their doom, floating on the glassy surface of the sea.

That the natives love the island is proved by their continued residence there, even through the long cold winters. Few ever leave the island for good, though life there is hard and forbidding. They live on little farms in the valleys between the mountains, and it is truly pitiful to see their scanty crops, and to know how they must suffer through dark and dreary months of every year, from cold and from loneliness, even though food may be plenty. But on the main island it is cheerful, besides the life on the little outlying islands in the harbor. Yet even those utterly desolate places have a charm for the inhabitants. My chambermaid and her mother lived on little Cranberry, a tiny strip of land in sight of the hotel, and when I talked with her of her winters there she did not seem to think there was any peculiar hardship in them, and would hear nothing of Portland or Bangor, where she could earn the high hotel wages all the year around. She was a pretty and well brought up girl, and her mother, also a chambermaid in summer, a capable and nice person.

One day on the steamboat making the circuit of the outlying islands, some of the passengers were talking of the charms of life in this region in summer, but of its bitter desolation in winter, when a decent looking woman who sat near me remarked, "I lived on Sutton's" (the island we were approaching) "for forty years, and I was never lonesome there, never cared for the mainland, or for the summer resorts, but was as happy as any woman in the world till my husband was drowned. Since then I have lived in Maine, with my children, and it is eight years since I was on Sutton's. I am going there on a visit now, and I wish I could stay the rest of my life—there is no place like it." Then in answer to my questions she told me how her husband was a fisherman, but owned a home and some land on this island; that they raised a family of children there—had a school, and meetings on Sunday, and merrymakings in the winter, and how she "used to have a great deal of company" from their own and the neighboring little islands. Bless her poor heart, how she longed for it all now, and how her eyes filled with tears as we drew near the landing: "Yes, he was drowned," she said in regard to her husband; "they all are, sooner or later, and we know it is only a question of time. But they love the sea and you can never get them away from it, and they go down in it at last, and then we know what loneliness is—and desolation—but not before. I have five children. I educated them well, and my girls teach school in Maine, and I live there—but it's poor living for me, away from Sutton's. I own some land there yet, and the rich summer visitors want to buy it to build cottages on, but I can't part with it. It is my home still, and I may want to come back—perhaps I shall stay now," and her old face grew really beautiful at the thought. She stepped ashore and we did not pity the natives so much after that. Here they have many things—the best things that life can give any of us—freedom, equality, a rough plenty, few needs, home, friends, love; and though I fear they may not much appreciate this, the most glorious aspects of nature within their view all the time, mountains and headlands and the sea, and God's high arching dome over all. There must be some grandeur in their souls in such an environment. I often think of that return of the native, and when I go to the enchanted island again I shall try and find her if she is still on Sutton's, where some friends of mine have a bungalow. The natives have also gotten hold of my heart. On these soft mornings when I enter my hammock home, I seem, as did the dearest poet of my heart,

> "To hear the chiding seer
> Say, Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?
> Am I not always here, thy summer home?
> Is not my voice thy music, morn and eve
> My breath thy healthful climate in the heats,
> My touch thy antidote, my bay thy bath?
> Was ever building like my terraces?
> Was ever couch magnificent as mine?

And I answer "No, dear Sea, the opaline, the plentiful, the strong, never were charms like thine; I adore thee with an adoration due to God alone, and I would live with thee forever, did the world which is too much with us permit. I slight not God to love thee so; the Universe is God, and God the Universe; I see and wonder and adore, and my noblest movements are those when I am wrapped in awe and deep devotion before the Power made manifest in material beauty."

Would I could gaze down into thy green depths this hour, and see the rainbow colors glistening there—the beds of emeralds, the shoals of amethysts, the turquoise and topaz which gleam below thy surface. Would I could see thy mysterious tides come in, the moon rise out of thy depths, the sun set therein, and oh, to hear the dashing of thy breakers on the rocks! I am thine with all my heart, dear Sea, do not chide me with inconstancy—but there are other things in life beside music and moonlight and sea dreams."

Today in the hammock I wrote this little Song of the Native:

At night I heard the steady wash of waves
Breaking with heavy swell upon the shore,
Its sweet monotony lulled me to sleep
And to my dreams its rhythmic rote I bore.

At earliest dawn its dashing drew again
My vagrant spirit from the realm of sleep,
I listened long and caught the cadence there
Marking the time of the great vasty deep.

Now years are gone, and leagues of land between
Me and the murmuring waves I loved of yore,
Yet in deep night I sometimes hear them dash
Against the rocky ramparts of the shore.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

THE PULPIT.

The Proper Attitude of the Church Toward the Theater.

SERMON PREACHED AT QUINCY, ILL., MAY 1, 1904, BY CHARLES WILLIAM PEARSON.

I am going to speak of the proper attitude of the church toward amusements, especially toward the drama, which more than any other recreation deserves to be called an amusement, for Melpomene and Thalia, Clio, Euterpe, Polyhymnia, Terpsichore, and all the heavenly sisters unite to adorn, enrich and strengthen it. But before discussing what the attitude should be, let us take a brief review of what that attitude has been.

When the Christian church was first organized and began its long, hard struggle with Paganism, one of its severest conflicts was with corrupt and brutal amusements. The Roman people had a passion for gladiatorial games in which hundreds and even thousands of men fought with each other to the death for the entertainment of vast crowds that thronged the colossal amphitheaters. Christian churches and councils protested and petitioned again and again for the suppression of these cruel and barbarous amusements, but their protests were unheeded until a heroic monk named Telemachus rushed into the arena and in a vain endeavor to separate the combatants was himself slain. This incident intensified the agitation, and in the year 500 the gladiatorial games were finally suppressed by the Emperor Theodoric.

The vices, like the virtues, go in clusters. A cruel nation is almost sure to be also a corrupt one. The Roman drama was in a different way as demoralizing as the gladiatorial exhibitions, and it eventually perished, under the condemnation of the church, because it had become indescribably indecent in plot, in language and in action.

For many centuries there were no theaters, and the only dramatic representations were religious plays given in the churches or by the trade guilds under ecclesiastical sanction. With the Reformation the secular drama revived, and the genius of Shakespeare and his contemporaries held the mirror up to nature as it had never been held up before. The Shakespearean drama is the chief glory of English literature and in its appeal to the imagination, to the emotions and to the conscience ranks next to the Bible itself. Yet the stage was not free from serious abuses even in the days of Shakespeare, and when Stephen Gosson wrote his Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players and other Caterpillars of the Commonwealth, he only expressed the feelings common among his Puritan contemporaries. After the death of Shakespeare the drama degenerated, until in the words of the historian, John Richard Green, it fell into "mere coarseness and horror," and when, by the overthrow of the monarchy, the Puritan party came into power, one of the first acts of the government was to suppress the theaters, and during the whole period of Puritan ascendancy, both in England and in this country theaters were prohibited.

Methodism is hardly less hostile than Puritanism. John Wesley drew up rules for the government of his societies, and among the practices he forbids are: the taking of such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus; the singing those songs or reading those books which do not tend to the knowledge or love of God. In this country, the rules of the Methodist church have been made more specific and forbid Methodists to dance or play cards or attend theaters. In earlier times these rules were strictly enforced, but of late years they have been much disregarded and efforts have been made to repeal them. At the great fire in the Iroquois theater in Chicago three Methodist preachers and nearly a hundred lay members of the Methodist church lost their lives, and the resulting scandal has intensified the denominational discussion of the subject. An extraordinary indication of the feeling of leading Methodists is afforded by the fact that the Missionary Society of the church a few days ago unanimously refused the bequest of $80,000 left to it by Mr. W. W. Cooper of Kenosha, Wis., who lost his life in the great theater fire previously referred to.

It is evident from the long-continued and strenuous opposition of a great part of the Christian church to the theater that there are serious evils and great dangers connected with it, yet it is equally evident from the way the theater flourishes in spite of all opposition and denunciation that it meets some deep and abiding want of human nature. Men cannot, without great injury, spend their lives in an unbroken routine of utilitarian labor and study. They need not merely relaxation and rest, they need and will have enjoyment. The Puritans were in some respects the very salt of the earth. They made a mighty effort to transform and uplift society. They changed England from a monarchy to a commonwealth and they founded in America the greatest republic the world has ever seen. Yet Puritanism as a religious organization fell into decay and disrepute because of its opposition to the fine arts and to the social pleasures. For more than a hundred years during the palmy days of Puritanism in New England, the theater was prohibited, but society was neither better nor happier for the prohibition. A popular revivalist of the present day, after much vehement denunciation of what he calls the filth and rot of the theater, says: "There is nothing to be lost in staying away and everything to be gained." Perhaps it would modify the views of this man and of those who like him pass hasty and intemperate judgments on these questions, if they would not only look at the evils of the theater, but also at the evils that result from prohibiting it. There are few more instructive yet more melancholy books than the great history of the Puritan church, by Cotton Mather, the *Magnalia Christi Americana*. A reader of that monumental work will learn with surprise and with a pain that will at times deepen into horror, of the misery and sin that resulted from the rigorous restraints of Puritanism. In the days when there were no newspapers and no theaters, intellectual activity was spent almost entirely upon the Bible and the church. The Bible was read and expounded daily at family prayers, and it was read at private devotions. Sunday was spent in listening to long, argumentative and expository sermons, and the points of theology presented in these discourses were discussed through the week at every fireside and dinner table. Life was an unbroken round of singing and prayer and religious introspection. Men were re-

ligious overmuch. Their thoughts ran too much in the same groove and their emotions were kept under a strain which human nature cannot long bear without injury. Men grew melancholy and women hysterical. Great numbers of people became so troubled over the persistence of their evil thoughts and tendencies that they feared they had committed the unpardonable sin and that the Holy Spirit of God had left them to perish in their wickedness. Other persons with stronger nerves and less sensitive consciences became unorthodox, but because of the power of the church and the tremendous pressure of public opinion, commonly concealed their dissent by a hypocritical outward conformity. Crimes and immoralities of all sorts were common, and the pillory, the whipping post and the branding iron were unable to repress the blasphemies and obscenities that were the natural reaction from unnatural restraints. Too much and too exclusive brooding upon the spiritual enemies of man culminated at last in the hideous witchcraft mania in which twenty people were hanged for a wholly imaginary and absolutely impossible offense.

Another historical example, milder and on a smaller scale than that of Puritanism, yet not uninstructive, is offered by the Society of Friends or Quakers. The Quakers had a pure and spiritual religion and all the moral virtues, but their theory of life was too narrow. Their influence has been correspondingly limited and the sect has now almost disappeared. The Quakers carried their opposition to the refinements and enjoyments of life to a great extreme. They not only forbade costly churches and worshiped in plain meeting houses; they not only forbade fashionable clothing and dressed themselves in plain drab; they not only denounced the dance, the card table, the novel and the drama, but they even prohibited music, both in worship and in the home. In the Quaker book of Discipline there was this rule: "We caution our members against indulging in music or even possessing musical instruments, believing that the practice tends to promote a light and vain mind and to disqualify for the serious thoughtfulness that becomes an accountable being hastening to a final judgment." The Quakers were noble and attractive people. They were singularly honest, truthful, pure, peaceable and gentle, but they opposed an irresistible human impulse and they have been destroyed by it.

But the asceticism of Puritan and Methodist and Quaker, like all other one-sidedness, is rebuked by the common sense of mankind. Men have not renounced the church because its virtues have been marred by fanaticism, because its faith has been clouded by superstition, because its zeal has flamed into the fires of persecution. Men have clung to the church in spite of the Inquisition and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Men honor it now in spite of Mormonism and Dowieism and every other contemporary aberration, and in the same way and for the same reason men cherish the drama in spite of all the parasites that disfigure and degrade it.

Jesus said of his proclamation of the Kingdom of God, "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken and on whomsoever this stone shall fall it will grind him to powder," and the same figure is as appropriate now as of old. Those who resist any form of truth, of beauty or goodness do so at their own present injury and ultimate destruction.

Man cannot live by bread alone. The fine arts are as necessary to his soul as the useful arts are necessary to his body. God who made the sky blue and tinged the clouds with purple and gold and made the earth to bring forth the lily and the rose is the great Painter and the teacher of all the makers of pictures. God who placed a rainbow upon the neck of the dove, who painted the breast of the robin and the wings of the oriole, who gave stripes of black and gold to the tiger and branching antlers to the stag, who has clothed every creature of air and earth and sea in a robe of beauty, is the first great Costumer and the teacher of all the arts of personal adornment. God who taught the birds to sing and the winds and waters to make music and who gave to wood and metal their resonant vibrations, is the great Musician and the Father of all that play on instruments of music. God who made the alternation of day and night and of summer and winter, who made the sea to ebb and flow and made man's life a harmony by the regular beating of his pulse and the measured inspiration and expiration of his breath, is the great Orator and Poet who taught man the power of cadence and rhythm and measure. God who gave man the power of thought and speech, who filled his heart with hope and love and joy and aspiration, who separated the human race into families and nations, making men white and black and yellow and brown and giving to each race its special characteristics and to every individual man some distinctive peculiarity, is the great Author of dramatic incident and the Stage-master of that great world theater to which we have had entrance and from which our exit is sure.

The drama is the chief of the fine arts, for it is a combination of all arts. No painting or poem or novel or oration can make so strong an impression upon the mind as the drama.

> "The play's the thing
> Wherewith to catch the conscience of the King,"

and not the king only, but of every man. A picture appeals only to the eye and it is lifeless and unchanging. A book appeals only to the mind, and as we read the words of the unseen characters, we are like blind men listening to a conversation. But in a play the characters are before you. The eye sees them. The ear hears them. They live, they speak, they move. They exert their whole power of body and mind and they impress the senses, the imagination and the emotions with cumulative and overwhelming power. A good play is one of the strongest possible influences for good, just as a bad play is one of the strongest possible influences for evil. There are some very bad plays, and a great many plays which are on the whole good, contain some objectionable detail, but the drama, like every other department of human life, aspires to and tends toward ideal excellence. There are farces and extravaganzas which are only to amuse and have no moral purpose, but the great majority of the plays which represent history or contemporary human life contain a good moral. In the ordinary play virtue is rewarded and vice is punished. The thief, the seducer, the traitor and the murderer are held up to contempt and made to suffer according to their deserts. The commonest and cheapest melodrama confounds the villain and rewards the hero. In actual life the administration of justice is imperfect and in consequence the villain sometimes escapes, the hero suffers unjustly and society is obliged to take refuge in an appeal to the righteous tribunal of the final Judge of all men. But although earthly police cannot always detect or earthly courts of justice always punish the criminals who prey upon society, the dramatist can dispose of his characters as he chooses and he endeavors to deal with every man according to his deserts. So evident is this fact that a perfect distribution of rewards and punishments is commonly spoken of as "poetic justice." The poets and dramatists punish the bad and reward the good, partly of their own free choice and because their moral sympathies are right, and partly through the prompting of a purely artistic instinct. What is

false in morals is false in art. No play would be popular or even endurable which did not in some manner exalt some sort of virtue or heroism. It may be a very false, narrow and distorted conception of virtue, but men are all at heart hero worshipers, and, if a play is to have any vitality at all, it must derive it from some actual heroism or some plausible counterfeit of it. In plays of the lowest class, those which take outlaws and criminals as their heroes, their conduct is in some way represented as admirable. However deficient in other respects, the men are endowed with courage and the women with constancy and tenderness. If they are common thieves, the dramatist shows, or at least hints at, the hard social conditions that drive them into crime and idealizes them into champions of human rights who are robbing the rich that they may help the poor, or if there is not even this transparent disguise of vice and feeble tribute to virtue, at least we are challenged to admire the skill and energy with which the hero acts and the unshaken fortitude with which he suffers. When there is an act of revenge, it is commonly represented only as prompt through irregular justice. If love is without the sanction of human law, the dramatist has the alternative of representing it as in accord with some higher and diviner law which justifies the exception, or, if he be a profound moral teacher, he will vindicate both the moral and the social law and show that the suffering of the wrong doers corresponds to the nature of their offense.

The ancient and mediæval dramas were mainly upon religious subjects and were written with the direct purpose of impressing religious history and ideals upon men. The church has lost its predominance in society, and the stage which mirrors the course of human life, has changed just as civilization has itself changed. In this secular, commercial, undogmatic and critical age, the fundamental doctrines of religion are no longer taught by means of the drama. Nor is the drama used as it was at the time of the Reformation to oppose any of the current religious conceptions and beliefs. There are plays, it is true, which show superstition, fanaticism and hypocrisy in an odious light, but this is in the interest of true religion and is part of the work not only of the dramatist but also of the prophet and reformer.

But if even the lower types of the drama to some extent teach moral lessons, how much truer is this of the great masterpieces of tragic composition. These, in the words of Aristotle, "purify the heart by pity and terror." As the chemist in his laboratory can control the conditions of his experiments and show us the workings of natural forces more clearly than we can see them in the ordinary operations of nature, so the dramatist can show the virtue and the vices more vividly than the ordinary or even the exceptional observer can see them in real life. How beautiful is the love of Romeo and Juliet, and how tragic the fate that separates them, and how emphatic the warning the play gives against the abuse of parental authority and against the feuds and rivalries of aristocratic families! Where else is ingratitude, the vice "sharper than a serpent's tooth," so fully exhibited in its deformity and horror as in the tragedy of the aged and foolish but affectionate and generous King Lear, the man, not sinless, yet "more sinned against than sinning," turned from the palace doors of the ungrateful daughters to whom he had given all and left unsheltered to the pelting rain and dreadful bolts of thunder. How hideous is the moral deformity of Goneril and Regan, and how it serves to set off the filial duty of the faithful Cordelia! She returns good for evil. She pardons her father's unjust suspicions, she forgives his violent words of reproof and the cruel act by which she is disinherited. These she sets down to age and infirmity, and remembering only the care he had given her as a child and the love with which he had loved her when he was truly himself, she, with a wise and divine charity, continues to love him as though he had been without fault. The tears of pity that gushed from the bright eyes of Cordelia, the "pearls from diamonds dropped," are falling yet, are still softening the heart to tenderness and still inspiring it to self-sacrifice.

The Scripture says, Be sure your sin will find you out, and the dramatist forces the lesson home. To all outward appearance Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are prosperous. Their crime is not proved and none are strong enough to bring them to account. But crime is its own punishment. Memory is their scourge. They have no peace or rest by day or by night. By day Macbeth sees the air-drawn dagger and the spectre of the murdered Banquo and by night Lady Macbeth walks in her sleep and vainly strives to wash out the stains of blood. Not to know the masterpieces of the drama, not merely in the solitary and imperfect study of the bare text, but in the vivid presentation of the subject simultaneously to the eye, the ear, and the mind, is to lose one of the noblest sources of instruction and inspiration. Such ignorance, if voluntary, is to be censured; if involuntary, it is to be deplored.

The drama is as helpful and indispensable as the novel, the newspaper, the school and the church. There are bad novels and good novels, bad newspapers and good newspapers and bad schools and good schools, bad churches and good churches. The biblical rule is, Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good. Overcome the bad novel with the good novel, drive out the low newspaper by the higher one, replace the school where ignorance and folly are cramping the understanding by the school where knowledge and wisdom are enlarging the mind and strengthening every faculty. Supplant the church which misrepresents the character of God, which weakens the force of the moral law, which caricatures religion and breeds hypocrisy and superstition by the church which shows God as the holy and loving Father and teaches man to obey his conscience, to welcome and seek for all truth, and to do good in all possible ways to all men, whether friends, strangers or enemies. Replace the low theater with its frivolities and vulgarities and indecencies by the high theater which shall treat worthily every worthy theme, show whatever is beautiful in all its beauty, whatever is strong in all its strength, and whatever is good in all its goodness. Many of the churches are now estranged from the theater and hostile to it and quite ignorant or forgetful of their common origin with it. The church and the theater are twin sisters of heavenly birth. There have been times when these sisters have lived in close fellowship and walked in loving embrace. A one-sided man strives after some desirable things and neglects others. Some seek knowledge, some cultivate taste, some care only for morality and virtue. There are men of science who regard knowledge above all else, there are artists who give themselves exclusively to the study of the beautiful, there are religious men and women who are devoted only to religion. But there is a more excellent way. There is a rounded culture which understands and values alike science and art and religion, which with the wise Plato regards alike the true, the beautiful and the good, or, going beyond the measured phrase of the calm Greek philosopher, there is a wisdom which adopts the more complete conception and the more passionate intensity of the Christian apostle who says: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are elevated, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and anything worthy of praise, think on these things."

Higher Living.

XLIII.

Henceforth let no man of us lie, for we have seen that openness wins the inner and central world, and that there is no single exception, and that never since our earth gathered itself in a mass, has deceit or subterfuge or prevarication attracted its smallest particle or the faintest tinge of a shade. —*Walt Whitman.*

Those who would shape men to their betterment need to take more account of the natural history of motives than they have done in the past. They need to see that they are not dealing with the immediate will of man, but with a body of instincts which has been established by the ages, and can only be opposed by motives of a high and controlling order.—*N. S. Shaler.*

There is such a thing as a bond which is too hard to bear, as a suffering whose tortures few of the best could bear.—*John R. Davidson.*

The time has come, as I knew it must,
She said, when we should part;
For I ceased to love when I ceased to trust,
And you cannot break my heart;
Nay, I know not even if I am sad,
And it must be for the best,
Since you only take what I thought I had,
And leave to me the rest.—*Phoebe Carey.*

We are to strive in a world where infinite good and evil are, and we can only overcome evil with good. That humanity is joined in the bonds of that love which was before the foundations of the world, and that virtue is brought into an active conflict with evil, is the assurance of their ultimate triumph. —*Mulford.*

In their unconcerned looks was the color of passions daily satiated, and through all their gentleness of manner pierced that peculiar brutality, the result of a command of half-easy things in which force is exercised and vanity amused.—*Daudet.*

In a marriage where the parties are ill-mated, the virtue of one of them may maintain order and peace, but the want of happiness will be experienced sooner or later, and produce inconveniences more or less harmful.—*Madame Roland.*

Should the worst of all days come, the day for which unfavoring circumstance in a steady tide from birth up, —through education, through experience, through everything—has at last provided the day of explosion, of separation, of sorrow, (let us hope and pray not of shame), what now shall be our attitude, our comment. our hope, or our despair? We have watched th careers of such people—noble men and fair women, with flawless bodies, bright minds, and true hearts—and seen them, inch by inch, lose the fine gloss of endowment and breeding under the rough handling of conditions for which they were neither to blame, nor capable of obviating. We have seen the nerves of such grow bare and become irritated to a keenness unendurable; we have seen their moral sense become blunted, little by little, until the difference between right and wrong gradually disappeared, and wrong took the place of right, in many ways. We have seen, too, one or other party resist the tide of degenerative influence with a courage and will, born of heaven itself, seemingly, and yet only to yield in the end. With these how many others also fall apart, who, by nature and breeding, or both, have little stamina of any kind, and of whom but little ought to be expected. Others, too, born with dominant instincts downward, seem but to float over the first degrading cataract, with never a move oppositely. As the world presents itself, the query is often vocal, "Who are the happily married? Where are those who will endure to the end?

Certainly, the thousands of legally broken marriages, and the many more thousands of those covertly broken, constitute but a sad comment on our civilization, in many respects so satisfactory. Nor does all the effort thus far against the multiplication of these—legal, legislative, cultural, religious—seem as yet much to avail. Nor will such effort, nor can it, avail, so long as the present views of marriage are dominant, or so long as separation is socially and ecclesiastically permissible, only after crime has been committed. That this latter should be the case; that before divorce there must come crime, and that the criminal aspects of the matter should be so chiefly considered, is a shame—a weak, truckling, degrading shame—such as should not be tolerated only at furthest until something better obtains. Divorce, at best, is awful enough to contemplate, without the addition of crime!

On the other hand, just why two capable, intelligent members of the commonwealth, who find that they have made a serious blunder, which, in any other aspect of life, it would be expected that they would as quickly as possible remedy, but who in marriage are forced by custom, by superstition, by law, even by personal intuition to remain steadfast until, perchance, if not death, then the innate weakness of human nature itself, must criminally dissolve, is quite beyond comprehension. It certainly is a slur upon decency, one which should be remedied just as quickly as the advancing science and art of life shall make possible. Nor should the opposition of vested interests, whether economical, or ecclesiastical, or legal, be allowed, defiantly or fallaciously, to much longer interfere. These all have small, short vision for the real issue. Their fundamental maxims have been derived largely from antiquated deductive and dogmatic premises, and by minds acquainted, not with the results of close study of actual facts, but with those of intuition and imagination only; while the needs of the marriage and divorce situation of to-day are, that every conclusion, both as to those who shall contract marriage at all, and those who shall be entitled to dishonorable or honorable rectification of blunder, shall only be derived from comprehensive investigation and study of *all the facts* involved.

As conducted at present, proceedings in reference either to separation or divorce are necessarily negligent of many of the most important matters concerned. Nor is there at present any way of preventing this; nor will a way be found until, again, such time as the point of view of marriage itself shall be changed, that is, when it comes to be intelligently and firmly accepted that the real object of marriage, the object primarily before and above all others, and to an extent such as to make it the center of all consideration whatever, whether religious, educational or legal, is not the happiness of the parent, but the welfare of the progeny. Then, and then only, will it be possible for the "divorce question" to be righteously solved, and for justice to be done to all the parties concerned. As it is, spite and hatred and vice and crime lead up to the final appeal, only to have their peculiar significance to the adult exalted, while the obviously serious significance to the child is forgotten or miscalculated. As it ought to be, and as it some time will be, the child's interests should be regarded as primary, and every legal, or religious, or social, or personal matter should be relegated to the subordinate position in which it justly belongs. Were this is done, the entire teaching and growth of sentiment would be in favor of forethought, just regard for others, provision for the best and lasting welfare of all, and of the future best interests of the race, instead of otherwise, as is the case now.

When, in any particular instance, the interests of children are comprehensively considered, it is soon noted that these unformed, plastic personalities are now often placed between two wretchedly destructive household fires. On the one hand, it is seen that a home in which parents are not compatible has certainly no sort of clear atmosphere for children healthily to breathe. Indeed, the hindering, degrading influence of a divided household upon young children, is simply incalculable. This becomes manifest in their reaching the adult estate with low estimates of the opposite sex, of marriage, and even of all society. In fact, it is almost impossible for such children to emerge from the breeding of such a home without being painfully pessi-

mistic, apprehensive, if not pitifully scarred for life—a condition of things usually encountered when attempts are made to hold such couples together, even if the results of no especial vice or crime are involved.

Moreover, it truly is the business, as it can be of no one else, of those who have brought children into the world thenceforth to care for them, and educate and send them forth in good shape to meet its demands. Hence, the personal preferences, whims or possibilities of the parents, no matter how just or urgent, should not only not be allowed to dominate, but should on the contrary be made to rise to the occasion in every adequate way possible. Likewise, people who have children are not only in duty bound not to desert them, but actually to bestir themselves so as to provide for them in every way, just as they would were their own personal happiness satisfactory. If it be wrong to insist upon children being retained and cared for by incompatible parents, it certainly is not wrong to insist that these awake to the higher duty of being true to their children. Children have a right to be as well brought up as possible. There is no ethical abrogating or usurping of this right by any sort of parental preference whatever. Hence, it should be the practice, not only to see to it that people provide a home for their children, but one whose atmosphere is salubrious and promotive of their entire interests. If two people do not love one another they need not, to themselves, pretend to. But, before their children let there be peace, oneness of purpose, and clean speech and conduct; and let this conduct continue until such time as the children have flown to their own habitations, or businesses. If, then, the antipathetic feeling between the parents still obtains it becomes a matter rightly to be settled by the parties primarily involved, providing, of course, that they always have due regard to their full duty to the necessary moral order which affects not only themselves but everyone else.

Where, however, harmony and decency cannot be maintained, where disease or vice or crime renders it reasonable as well as desirable that existing relations be severed, it seems most proper to advocate that such an irretrievable step should be taken only in accordance with principles and practices by far more comprehensive and just than those which now govern such procedures. To this end, it should be considered entirely proper, honorable and feasible that, after due investigation by right and comprehensive authority, such people shall be granted a degree of tentative separation only, and this for a period of from one to five years, as circumstances may indicate. This would not only make the separating parties think with becoming seriousness of the step they wish to take, but would give them legitimate time definitely to find themselves and their true relations, and also to undertake an arrest or cure of the vicious tendencies and practices and diseases which may have provoked to the issue joined. If, at the end of such tentative separation, the wish for separation still dominates, then let it be the rule that, whenever not crime but simply incompatibility or other reasonable cause is alleged, the separation shall be effected with as little stigma as possible, and likewise with as little hardship as possible, to all parties alike. As now obtains, people who are to one another as powder and match indefinitely hold themselves together in a tension which is as dangerous as it is weakening, and finally to no good purpose whatever; and simply because of the awful stigma and subsequent hardship that is senselessly attached to honorable separation, and this, not only to the parents, but to their children. That this is wrong to the parties enthralled, that it develops the unstable condition of body and mind in which dereliction most often results, that it does no real good either to home, neighborhood or state, should be recognized and duly incorporated in the principles of practical life. Again and always let it be said that when two people as this, there should be legal, honorable, comfortable, praiseworthy means of rectifying it, and this, not after the blunder leads to its worse results, but before. have really made a mistake of so serious an order

On the other hand, where people have selfishly or recklessly gone into vice and crime for relief from their strain or hatred, then should the course be very different indeed, for certainly the principle involved is different in every respect. Here, the object should be, not comfort, honor, or praise, but strictly to teach people not to violate law, but to respect it; not to indulge whim and passion or brutality, but to be patient, self-respecting and honest. Hence, every crime of this nature which, upon proper investigation, is duly substantiated, should be dealt with, irrespective of the circumstances which have led up to it. In other walks "outraged law knows no ameliorating circumstance," or at best, but very little such. There is no good reason why an unhappy marriage between normal people should be considered as mitigating actual crime, as least very frequently. The lesson to be enforced is, separate honorably before crime, not dishonorably after it.

In either case, whether before or after crime, the final adjudication of marital disaffection should depend distinctly upon a very fundamental fact—whether there be progeny or not. If there be no children then any sort of actual and reasonable condition or agreement should be allowed to determine the final decree; for, evidently, the adults chiefly concerned should be assumed to know their personal wants and needs. But if there be children then is the condition changed, and so radically, that judgment should primarily have preference to their helpless involvement. In such cases, if possible, no decree or separation whatever should be allowed until all children have attained to their majority. If, however, owing to parental incapacity, it seems wise to anticipate this, then the utmost care both of person and property should be properly provided and exercised by the state itself, the party which eventually must assume the responsibility implied.

As to the means by which justice in such cases shall be determined there can be little doubt that improvement upon present ones is absolutely required. Few judges and ordinary juries can justly pronounce upon the issues joined in such cases. In almost every case the physician's services are explicitly needed; upon every case the trained psychologist and alienist might be able to throw most valuable light; while, additionally, there is usually needed the influence of the finer regard for moral and spiritual things which the clergyman is supposed to have. In fact, no decree of absolute divorce, especially where children are involved, should ever be granted except at the hand of a court composed of jurist, alienist, physician or surgeon and ecclesiast, sitting in as much retirement as possible. Publicity does not enough deter others from such appeals and procedures, to compensate for the serious fact that it tends to render them commonplace, to vitiate the atmosphere of home and person, and even to fascinate to irritative activity, on the part of those who thus become unduly familiar with such matters.

In the golden days, when love shall truly initiate, when intelligence shall adequately prepare, understanding shall enable forbearance and righteous endurance, and determination shall elevate rather than pull down, shall bind closer rather than work division, then, let us trust, will separations be but for a night, with the more satisfactory morrow always assured; and Higher Living will then be able to point to marriage as its divinest safeguard, one of its profoundest supports.

SMITH BAKER, M. D.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Keltic Kraze.

By H. Lyon.

Have ye noticed yet, mavourneen, who's the poet o' the day?
'Tis the wild and mystic Irishman that pipes the Keltic lay
Of the thin, white soul with the red, red hair
That sings in the twilight dim—
Osh, Moira!
Fiona!
And the Kelt is in the swim.

There is aye the cold old mother-sea, the ocean dread and vast;
There's the faery this and the faery that, and the wind that
blows from the Past;
There is aye A Voice [in brackets] speaks,
And a green-clad child slim—
Ah, Norah!
Go bragh Yeats!
And the Kelt is in the swim.

There'll be poethry yet, ma colleen, in the diggin' o' the spuds;
Sure, now, an' there'll be poethry in the washin' o' the duds;
The shillaly will be swung about
As the staunch old Keltic limb—
Arrah, now!
Bejabbers!
And the Kelt is in the swim.

—*The Critic.*

Notes.

Harper & Brothers have sent me a delicious book entitled "The Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam. It is a capital take off on a lot of the psychological flim-flam which is getting such a circulation in these days. Pre-natal culture and baby training cannot be reduced to a cut-and-dried system. The book is full of humor and good sense, and brings out at least one side of the question in first rate shape. It ought not perhaps to go alone; but we are likely to get the other side pretty thoroughly in spite of ourselves.

Decidedly the neatest, the prettiest, and one of the most valuable books on birds that I have ever seen is a little pocket volume published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and written by F. Schuyler Mathews. The style of the book is clear and exceedingly readable. The song of each bird is given in musical notes. The pictures of the birds are in colors and most delightful. This is one of the books that I shall not give over to the young folk until it has gone about for awhile in my own pocket. No one can use it without increasing his love for nature, as well as learning a great deal about his feathered friends.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I am in receipt of "The Veil of the Temple," or From Dark to Twilight; by William Hurrell Mallock. This is the author of "Is Life Worth Living?" The reader will be prepared to expect a good deal of theological and social disquisition. He will not be disappointed. It is absolutely impossible to review the book. It opens like a high-society novel; but do not be deceived; you will be up to your eyes in all the modern agnostic, semi-agnostic, and some of the theistic arguments soon enough. No one who is interested in the religious problems of the day, or I should say the one religious problem of the day—that is, is there a God and immortality?—should fail to read this book. "You have," said Glanville, "interrupted me only by anticipating me. You have shown more trenchantly perhaps than I should have done myself, that the quintessence of Theism is the doctrine that the Power behind the Universe is infinitely good to man; and that its goodness, however diffused through the entire frame of Nature, is for us concreated in, and is known by us, only through those natural facts and processes which directly affect ourselves. Well—for the Theist's view there's a great deal to be said. The argument from apparent design, as applied to our own bodies, and the way in which Nature ministers to them, is an argument which even a child can understand. So too is the argument from our sense of right and wrong. A Power which gave us this must necessarily *be good itself.*"

By all odds the most real work of genius that has reached me for the past six months is "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus," by E. M. Waller, published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. I am glad this book was written. I am the better for reading it. It is noble, beautiful, true. Every page has something fine enough to be quoted; and yet when I come to select a typical passage, none of them are good enough to stand for the whole book. It portrays escape from conventionalism, without falling into slavery to freedom—a too rare result. The characters portrayed are as strong as they are clean; but they are not quite good enough to be superhuman. We are kept close in contact with nature all the way, and yet equally close in contact with art. It is a book that could not have been written before the era of industrialism had begun. In fine, it is a book that ought to have been written.

Perhaps most of my readers know something of the work of Dr. Josiah Strong. Not long ago I reviewed in Unity his "Twentieth Century City." His publishers, Baker & Taylor Co., have now placed on my table his last book, entitled "Social Progress," a year book and encyclopedia of economic, industrial, social and religious statistics. The contents include carefully collected vital statistics, commercial and financial statistics; as well as those that cover questions of poverty, crime, reform, education, religion, literature and miscellaneous affairs. Foreign statistics are not overlooked. I cannot conceive a book more important than this for college boys and high-school boys who are engaged in debates; while every editor and public writer will find it absolutely invaluable. Our census reports, which are published by the government in a most unusable form, are here placed in a compact shape, ready for use. Here is an instance under the head of divorces: "In 1890, according to the census, the percentage of the divorces to the married was 0.5; in 1900 it was 0.7. In 1886 the causes alleged for divorce were 40 per cent. desertion, 21 per cent. adultery, 16 per cent. cruelty, 4 per cent. drunkenness, 2 per cent. neglect. In 1900 there were 2,457 divorced women in the United States, under the age of 20. There are 255 pages packed with social statistics; and the reader can answer for himself whether they constitute and demonstrate social progress. It is to be an annual book hereafter. E. P. P.

Dr. M'Connell is nothing if not brilliant, entertaining, striking, startling, suggestive, and unsatisfactory. His present book contains about as many paradoxes as Mr. Chesterton could pack into a volume of the same size. There is abundant truth; there are good sentences and passages innumerable; at the same time there is much harshness and extravagance, with here and there an expression which may very well excite the violent disapprobation of Dr. M'Connell's co-religionists. For example, on page 97, we read, "Finally Jesus was put out of the way by practically unanimous consent on the ground that he was too disagreeable to be allowed to live." In an opening chapter, "The Wilderness," Dr. M'Connell describes the confusion of theological, and, particularly Christological, opinion. In a second, "The Human Christ," he dismisses the human conception of Jesus as quite insufficient. A

"Christ," by S. D. M'Connell, D. D., LL. D., Rector of All Souls Church, New York. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1904.

third, "The Inhuman Christ," is a vigorous and almost brutal arraignment of the doctrines of vicarious atonement. A fourth, "Jesus Christ," presents Dr. M'Connell's personal idiosyncrasy—a view of Jesus which succeeds mainly in making him a being *sui generis.* This chapter is tagged with reminiscences of Dr. M'Connell's earlier book in which a kind of gaseous immortality was supposed to be the product of a good life. The conception is carried further in a chapter, "The Divine Christ," in which care is taken to give the title "Christ" a meaning different from that of the New Testament writers. In a chapter on "The Christian Man" there is some attempt to answer criticisms on Dr. M'Connell's ethico-gaseous theory of another life. He appears to us to win a Cadmean victory. "The Christian Church" is one of the best chapters in the book. Its plea is that the church can best be interpreted as a family. In the next following chapter, "The Kingdom," this metaphor is interpreted as biological in its significance. There is frank depreciation of the intellectual and moral elements in Christ and Christianity. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." The conception tends to be invertebrate. Jesus, we are assured, was not a reformer; no more should be any follower of his. In general Dr. M'Connell impresses us as in "a strait betwixt two," tending to a right construction of life but entangled in the torn patch-work of traditional beliefs, made crazier in its pattern by the introduction of the writer's own whimsical speculations.

Those who are interested in Russia and the Russian problem, and that is our problem also—the problem of autocracy against democracy—will be interested in a new book published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is entitled "Russia, Her Strength and Her Weakness;" by Wolf von Schierbrand. It is a gigantic problem any way; and what is to come of the falling to pieces of the huge bulk, held together by autocratic will, will concern all Europe and all civilization. It looks now as if the concrete would not hold together for any great length of time. Poland and Scandinavia with Finland are showing their dislike, and are pretty sure to express hatred before long—and to have a chance to express it effectually. The author of this book has brought together a great deal that is interesting and considerable that is novel.

A book from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, is entitled "The Frontiersmen." This is a new volume by that brilliant writer, Charles Egbert Craddock. It is some time since we have had a volume from her pen. This one deals with the Indians who occupied her favorite field about the Tennessee river and the Tennessee mountains, before they were occupied by that race of whites so wonderfully described in "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," "The Mystery of Witchface Mountain," "In the Tennessee Mountains" and "The Juggler." I have read this volume with keen interest, yet as a portrayal of Indian characteristics it is not equal to her description of Southern whites.

And still, to the end of time, the clear waters of the unfailing springs, and the pasture-lilies in their clothed multitude, and the abiding of the burning peaks in their nearness to the opened heaven, shall be the types and blessings of those who have chosen the light and of whom it is written, "The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills righteousness." —*John Ruskin.*

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself much about was happiness enough to get his work done.—*Carlyle.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE CENTENARY OF GEORGE SAND.—Apropos of Lord Acton's letters to Mary Glandstone (Mrs. Henry Drew) the New York *Times* recently remarked editorially in its Suatrday review: "Lord Acton's estimate of George Eliot was even higher than that which obtained in her prime, and it is gratifying to read his warm words of generous heartfelt praise of an author whom it has become a sort of fashion now to belittle."

These words recurred to my mind on reading even more recently some thoughts on the approaching centenary of George Eliot's great French contemporary, George Sand.

George Sand was born in Paris July 1, 1804, and the hundredth anniversary of her birth was to be celebrated in that city by the unveiling in the Luxembourg gardens of a statute of the author of *Indiana* from the chisel of the clever Siccard, and also by the representation at the Odéon of a two-act piece, but little known, the *Demon du foyer.*

Commenting on this celebration in advance a Paris correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* remarks: "There will be no crowd either at the one place or the other. This because, while she still has her faithful admirers, of whom the most fervent is Mr. Samuel Rochellave, who has dedicated to her a most feeling study, George Sand is neglected by the public at large, or, if she awakens its curiosity it is for reasons which have nothing to do with literature. Sad to say it scarcely knows her save by the indiscretions of *Elle et lui.*

"The few pure masterpieces with which she has enriched the French language, such as the *Mare au diable,* the *Maurrier d'Angibault,* etc., etc., the public does not read, and it is to be feared that it never will. But why? Because they are not sufficiently . . . immoral. Yes, we have come to this, that the works of George Sand, the novel which only thirty years ago a mother would not permit her daughter to read, could be republished today, and scarcely call forth a protest, in the *Bibliothique rose,* a collection intended for young girls.

"Yesterday they were denounced as clever instruments of corruption, works of learned perversity; the woman in whose hands they were found damaged her reputation. Today it would be quite in order to give them as prizes for good conduct to young boarding-school misses. What would J. J. Weiss say who was displeased by the productions of Dumas junior?

"A number of articles devoted to George Sand have appeared on the eve of her centenary in papers that still concern themselves with literary matters. It cannot be said that these have failed to do homage to her ability as a writer; they have perhaps even mentioned the titles of some of her works, but it has pleased them more especially to point out what an independent woman she was. They have related all her love affairs, not sparing us the least detail, and have recalled the names of those who were connected with them, Jules Sandean, Musset, Chopin, Mérimée and others. Each one has contributed its anecdote as scandalous as possible. Nor is it surprising that in this time of rampant feminism they have represented it as meritorious in George Sand that, to follow her vagrant fancy, she trampled under foot what they call social prejudices, but which the Philistines designate by the archaic name of duties. More than for the possession of great talent, they praise her for having valiantly thrown off the yoke which marriage, that played-out institution, had placed on her shoulders. Perhaps it would have been better not to stir up all that past. And who knows after all if she was not better than the life she lived; if those errors are not chargeable solely to the seduction which pernicious theories exercised over her youthful spirit? Let us remember that she was a rarely excellent mother."

M. E. H.

Announcements.

Pulpit notices, lecture announcements in Chicago or elsewhere, "Wants" of churches or ministers, or "Personals" of interest to UNITY readers are invited for this column.

From July 1 to September 15 the address of Jenkin Lloyd Jones and of Unity Publishing Company will be Spring Green, Wis.

LECTURES AND PULPIT SUPPLY—Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley has a number of lectures on literary and social topics and is prepared to supply pulpits in the absence of the regular pastor. Address 196 E. Forty-fourth street, Chicago. Telephone, 1671 Drexel.

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